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SKETCH
OF THE PROGRESS AND STATE OF LITERATURE
FOR THE LAST SIX MONTHS.

HISTORY.

“ANOTHER and another still succeeds;” and we have not yet reached the last of the innumerable histories of the late war. Unaided by his former literary coadjutor, Mr. Gleig, a second quarto volume of a “*Narrative of the War in Germany and France, in 1813 and 1814, by Lieutenant-General Charles William Vane, Marquess of Londonderry, G. C. B., G. C. H., Colonel of the 10th Royal Hussars,*” terminates an important stage*. The third volume, yet to come, will record the transactions of the campaign of 1815, with the discussions of the Congress of Vienna, &c. Avoiding the dryness of military detail, with which, from necessity, the noble marquess’s narrative abounds, we scarcely feel it necessary to say more than that its possession is essential to every historical library. It aims at completeness, with reference to the latter periods of that grand contest which restored its legitimate sovereign to France, and

gave peace to Europe. One of the author’s public adventures is amusing enough for a tale of eastern romance. His lordship, then General Stewart, had ordered himself, on arriving very late at night in the town of Strelitz, to be driven to the inn. At the moment of arrival, he was sound asleep in his carriage with his aides-de-camp. On entering the gates, his chasseurs and orderly showed his passports, and the carriage proceeded. But we must have the noble writer’s own words:—

I was not aware that orders had been sent from the palace to the guard-house, to send my *cortège* to the reigning duke’s brother’s house in the town. On alighting, I found myself shown into magnificent apartments, lighted up, with numerous servants, and with a grand *couvert* laid for supper. Congratulating myself with my companions on our capital inn, we proceeded to call about us, ordered and made free, precisely as if in the first Paris hotel. The wines were excellent; more and more were ordered up; a provision directed to be laid aside to carry forward on the next day’s march;—in short, we all went to bed in the sweetest delirium. But the consternation that followed the next morning was appalling. When awaking, I was informed that the duke’s brother was in the ante-room, waiting to know “*si son excellence étoit content de sa*”

* For a notice of the first volume of Lord Londonderry’s work, with extracts, *vide* LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE, vol. vii. page 277.

réception?" The ridicule attached to me for this anecdote did not leave me during the few very happy days I spent at the delightful palace of the Duke of Mecklenberg at Strelitz, and in the most enchanting society that then embellished it.

Independently of the operations of the war, Lord Castlereagh throws much light upon the characters, views, and schemes of several of the greatest actors in the drama; especially those of the late Emperor Alexander and General Bernadotte, at that time Crown Prince and now King of Sweden. Of the latter, he appears, even in his earliest intercourse with him, to have formed a very shrewd and correct estimate. His suspicions were strong against his staunchness to the allies. He observes—

Nothing had yet occurred in his demeanour which could be made a matter of reproach; but, it must be owned, there was nothing to justify confidence: it remained to be discovered whether the future would wear a more promising aspect. The unequivocal proof of his sincerity would have been, to have boldly and unreservedly committed his new subjects against his old friends: it was not possible to believe him fully in earnest until we should see him forcibly in action at the head of his Swedes, with French troops for their opponents. He was on the eve of setting out to Trachenborg at the moment of my arrival. The time, therefore, was too short to allow of systematic discussion; and our conversations, on both sides, assumed a very miscellaneous character. Of these conversations, and of all the points embraced in them, my position debars me from giving a complete account; but the impression left upon my mind will be conveyed exactly by a phrase of which I availed myself when recording what had passed,—“He clothed himself in a pelisse of war, but his under garments were made of Swedish objects and peace.”

Upon another occasion—

His royal highness produced, as usual, his map, and talked most eloquently and scientifically of the great combined operations we should be engaged in. This was all as it ought to be; but I wanted to see his army in motion; and in pressing this object, he passed me by, saying, it would not be prudent to collect his masses too early, as the enemy would be aware of their points of concentration: but he assured me that 10,000 men had marched. Whenever the prince royal conversed, it was always with the greatest affability and cordiality. It is impossible to resist the fascination of his eloquent expressions, or be indifferent to his insinuating tone and manner; and when armed, as he always is, with a bottle of

eau-de-cologne in one hand, and a white handkerchief in the other, inundating lavishly every thing around him with the perfume, it requires some hardihood to be quite collected, and insensible to beautiful phraseology, so as to discover the drift or solidity of the extraordinary man into whose presence you are at all times admitted, and accosted as “*Mon ami!*” To do his royal highness, however, justice, he was invariably kind and civil, particularly to me; and when I mentioned the probability of my being at his headquarters during any interesting operations, he assured me I should always be *bien-venu*; but at the same time distinctly told me, he never would agree in any convention or treaty to have British officers, especially general officers, placed near his person. Russia and Prussia might do so; but he had a different way of thinking on these points; thus evidently showing that he would be extremely jealous of the idea of any counsel or control. All this I took in as respectful a manner as possible.

From more than one incident that occurred, it is evident that the crown prince would have been better pleased with General Stewart's room than his company. Situated as he was, and with objects of his own to accomplish, it was far from agreeable to him to find himself under the keen *surveillance* of a high-minded British officer.

From this volume, we learn, with some surprise, that all the important documents and papers belonging to the late Marquess of Londonderry still remain in the hands of his executors; whether with the view to future historical composition we are without the means of ascertaining.

For every purpose of a general reader, we earnestly recommend to his notice, in three 12mo. volumes, “*Annals of the Peninsular Campaigns, from 1808 to 1814, by the author of Cyril Thornton.*” In a spirited and condensed narrative, this performance exhibits a clear general view, a grand *coup-d'œil*, of the military history of the period to which it refers. Without the slightest tediousness of detail, every important incident is graphically sketched; and, independently of its other merits, the work may be considered to form an admirable running commentary on its predecessors and contemporaries. The occasional exaggerations of Southey, and the almost systematic eulogy of the French officers at the expense of those of England, are alike exposed and reprehended by its acute and

ingenious author. On the subject of Sir John Moore, the writer feels strongly—as we think, justly—and censures with some severity. General Beresford, also, comes in for no slight portion of dispraise. The Duke of Wellington is the grand object of admiration and panegyric; but even “the first captain of the age” does not, in every instance, escape the lash.

We hardly know whether Captain Kincaid’s *“Adventures in the Rifle Brigade, in the Peninsula, France, and in the Netherlands, from 1809 to 1815,”* may be considered as coming fairly under the denomination of history; but as they, at all events, embrace some of the material of history, and as they happen to range with our present class of subjects, we shall e’en allow them to pass muster. The author is evidently a lively, spirited, dashing fellow; and his book—a single volume, of moderate size and pretension—is extremely well calculated to convey to the civilian a fair idea of the life of a soldier. For instance—

The 25th of August, being our regimental anniversary, was observed by the officers of our three battalions with all due conviviality. Two trenches, calculated to accommodate seventy gentlemen’s legs, were dug in the green-sward; the earth between them stood for a table, and behind was our seat; and though the table could not boast of *all* the delicacies of a civic entertainment, yet

The worms they crept in, and the worms they
crept out,

as the earth almost quaked with the weight of the feast, and the enemy certainly did from the noise of it. For so many fellows holding such precarious tenures of their lives could not meet together in commemoration of such an event, without indulging in an occasional cheer—not a whispering cheer, but one that echoed far and wide into the French lines; and as it was a sound that had often pierced them before, and never yet boded them any good, we heard afterwards that they were kept standing at their arms the greater part of the night in consequence.

The following Waterloo incident is of a more serious character:—

Two of our men, on the morning of the 19th, lost their lives by a very melancholy accident. They were cutting up a captured ammunition-waggon for firewood, when one of their swords, striking against a nail, sent a spark among the powder. When I looked in the direction of the explosion, I saw the two poor fellows about

twenty or thirty feet up in the air. On falling to the ground, though lying on their backs or bellies, some extraordinary effort of nature, caused by the agony of the moment, made them spring from that position, five or six times, to the height of eight or ten feet, just as a fish does when thrown on the ground after being newly caught. It was so unlike a scene in real life, that it was impossible to witness it without forgetting, for a moment, the horror of their situation. I ran to the spot along with others, and found that every stitch of clothes had been burnt off, and they were black as ink all over. They were still alive, and told us their names, otherwise we could not have recognized them; and, singular enough, they were able to walk off the ground with a little support, but died shortly after.

Apropos of the battle of Waterloo:—

It will ever be a matter of dispute what the result of that day would have been without the arrival of the Prussians; but it is clear to me that Lord Wellington would not have fought at Waterloo unless Blucher had promised to aid him with thirty thousand men, as he required that number to put him on a numerical footing with his adversary. It is certain that the promised aid did not come in time to take any share whatever in the battle. It is equally certain that the enemy had, long before, been beaten into a mass of ruin, in condition for nothing but running, and wanting but an apology to do it: and I will ever maintain that Lord Wellington’s last advance would have made it the same victory had a Prussian never been seen there. The field of battle, next morning, presented a frightful scene of carnage: it seemed as if the world had tumbled to pieces, and three-fourths of every thing destroyed in the wreck.

Here is another scene, occurring in Portugal:—

I entered a large square, or market-place, and found it crowded with soldiers of all nations, most of them three-parts drunk, and in the midst of whom a mad bull was performing the most extraordinary feats, quite unnoticed, excepting by those who had the misfortune to attract his attention. The first intimation that I had of him was his charging past me, and making a thrust at our quarter-master, carrying off a portion of his regimental trousers. He next got a fair toss at a Portuguese soldier, and sent him spinning three or four times up in the air. I was highly amused in observing the fellow’s astonishment when he alighted, to see that he had not the remotest idea to what accident he was indebted for such an evolution, although he seemed fully prepared to quarrel with any one who chose to ac-

knowledge any participation in the deed ; but the cause of it was, all the time, finding fresh customers, and, making the grand tour of the square with such velocity, I began to fear that I should soon be on his list also, if I did not take shelter in the nearest house, a measure no sooner thought of than executed. I therefore opened a door, and drove my horse in before me ; but there instantly arose such an uproar within, that I began to wish myself once more on the outside on any terms, for it happened to be occupied by English, Portuguese, and German bullock-drivers, who had been seated round a table, scrambling for a dinner, when my horse upset the table, lights, and every thing on it. The only thing that I could make out amid their confused curses was, that they had come to the determination of putting the cause of the row to death ; but, as I begged to differ with them on that point, I took the liberty of knocking one or two of them down, and finally succeeded in extricating my horse, with whom I retraced my way to the camp, weary, angry, and hungry.

The following may possibly remind the reader of some striking facts recorded in the life of one of the most distinguished Roman rulers of the Jews, whose name we cannot at the moment call to mind. Why, it may be asked, is the owl almost universally regarded as a bird of evil omen ?

Prior to the action of the Nivelle, an owl had perched itself on the tent of one of our officers (Lieutenant Doyle). This officer was killed in the battle, and the owl was afterwards seen on Captain Duncan's tent. His brother officers quizzed him on the subject, by telling him he was the next on the list ; a joke which Captain D. did not much relish ; and it was prophetic, as he soon afterwards fell at Tarbes.

Dr. M'Crie, the author of the well-known life of John Knox, honoured by his admirers with the cognomen of the Scotch Luther, has, in a single octavo volume, produced another work of great interest, and containing much valuable information, under the title of "*History of the Progress and Suppression of the Reformation in Spain in the Sixteenth Century.*" Perhaps it is not generally known, that, at the period referred to, the doctrines of Luther had made considerable progress in Spain. For this the sacred cause was greatly indebted to the adventurous spirit and the dauntless exertions of Rodrigo de Valer, a young nobleman of Lebrixa, in the neighbourhood of Seville. From figuring in the most fashionable and dissipated circles, he

suddenly adopted a life of seclusion, and devoted himself to the most intense study of the Scriptures. Having formed a system essentially Lutheran in all its leading articles of belief, he proceeded to promulgate his notions of divine revelation. The Inquisition speedily seized him ; but, contrary to the frequent practice of the Holy Office, it contented itself, in the first instance, with confiscating the reformer's property, and pronouncing him insane. By this infliction he was not deterred from prosecuting his scheme. A second time he was apprehended by the Inquisition ; then he was condemned to wear the *sanbenito*, and to imprisonment for life ; and, ultimately, without being allowed to regain his liberty, he died in a monastery of St. Lucas, near the mouth of the Guadalquivir. One of his principal converts was Juan Gil, better known under the name of Dr. Egedius, who, in conjunction with Dr. Vargas and Constantine Ponce de la Fuente, became one of the most powerful and affecting preachers of his time. Through the influence of the Emperor of Germany, he was appointed to the bishopric of Tortosa, the richest see in Spain. Shortly afterwards, he was apprehended by the Holy Office, sentenced to an imprisonment of three years, prohibited from writing or teaching for ten years, and not to leave the kingdom, under penalty of being burnt alive. Dr. Egedius died in 1555, soon after the expiration of the term of his imprisonment. San Roman, a native of Burgos, next courted and obtained the crown of martyrdom. Still the spirit of reformation was not extinguished. Several distinct congregations of the new church were formed ; and, in particular, an entire monastery, that of the Hieronymites of San Isidro del Campo near Seville, received and avowed the faith. Ultimately, however, the Inquisition triumphed ; seizures were made in every quarter ; prisons, convents, and castles, were filled with victims ; the reformation was crushed, and the protestants were exterminated. Had the reformers been able to maintain their ground, how different, in every point connected with civil as well as with religious liberty, might have been the state of Spain at this day !

For the sake of extracting a brief but very curious passage from Dr. M'Crie's

work, we must advert to an earlier period—a period at which the worship of the ancient Church of Spain differed widely from that of the present day. The passage referred to will indicate the manner in which the Spanish Church was led to adopt the rites and submit to the authority of the Church of Rome:—

In the eleventh century Spain was divided into three kingdoms—the kingdom of Leon and Castile, of Arragon, and of Navarre, of which the two first were by far the most powerful. In the latter part of that century, Alfonso, the sixth of Leon and first of Castile, after recovering Valencia by the valour of the famous cid, Ruy Diaz de Bivar, finally obtained possession of Toledo, which had been in the power of the Moors for three centuries and a half. He had married, for his second wife, Constance, a daughter of the royal house of France, who, from attachment to the religious service to which she had been accustomed, or under the influence of the priests who accompanied her, instigated her husband to introduce the Roman liturgy into Castile. Richard, Abbot of Marseilles, the papal legate, exerted all his influence in favour of a change so agreeable to the court which he represented. The innovation was warmly opposed by the clergy, nobility, and people at large; but especially by the inhabitants of Toledo, and other places which had been under the dominion of the Moors. To determine this controversy, recourse was had, according to the custom of the dark ages, to judicial combat. Two knights, clad in complete armour, appeared before the court and an immense assembly. The champion of the Gothic liturgy prevailed: but the king insisted that the litigated point should undergo another trial, and be submitted to what was called *the judgment of God*. Accordingly, in the presence of another great assembly, a copy of the two rival liturgies was thrown into the fire. The Gothic resisted the flames, and was taken out unhurt; while the Roman was consumed. But upon some pretext—apparently the circumstance of the ashes of the Roman liturgy curling on the top of the leaves, and then leaping out—the king, with the concurrence of Bernard, Archbishop of Toledo, who was a Frenchman, gave out, that it was the will of God that both offices should be used, and ordained that the public service should be adopted in all the other churches of the kingdom. The people were greatly displeased with the glaring partiality of this decision, which is said to have given rise to the proverb, “*The law goes as kings choose.*” Discountenanced by the court and the superior ecclesiastics, the Gothic liturgy fell into disrepute, until it was completely superseded by the Roman.

The third volume of “*The History of Scotland, by Patrick Fraser Tytler, Esq. F. R. S. E. and F. S. A.*” brings the work down to the death of James I., which is related with great simplicity, clearness, and effect. For industrious research, patient investigation, and the most liberal impartiality, Mr. Tytler is entitled to the highest praise. One of the most curious problems of English History, which is very ably discussed in the appendix to the present volume, is the death of Richard II. Mr. Tytler’s inferences and conclusions amount as nearly as possible to a certainty that the unfortunate king, so far from having been murdered or starved to death in Pontefract Castle, actually effected his escape, and lived in honourable captivity in Scotland for eighteen or nineteen years after the period generally assigned to his decease.

BIOGRAPHY.

All the world has heard of the “*First Volume of Moore’s Life of Byron*”—the greater part of the world has read it, for its subject demanded that attention—and all the world has heard of, read, and commented upon, the conduct of that glorious triumvirate, Moore, Campbell, and Lady Byron. Respecting Mr. Moore and his Memoir we have as little room as we have inclination to say much in this place. As is usually the case with the author of that splendid piece of biography, “*The Life of Sheridan*,” in which so much justice was rendered to the memory of one deceased friend, and so much loyalty and good feeling evinced towards the sovereign, Mr. Moore has made much ado about nothing. Some wag has been at the trouble of calculating the number of pages out of a quarto volume of 670, for which the public stand indebted to the ostensible author; and, if our memory fail us not, it is somewhere about 155; and, in this said quarto volume, the compiler has rendered about as much justice to his other deceased friend, Lord Byron, as he did to poor Brinsley. But, as we have intimated, the subject of the book, and the copious assemblage which it presents of Lord Byron’s letters, will ensure for it an extensive sale; and, moreover, with the full and fresh recollection of that precious eight years’ concoction, “*The Epicurean*,” we cannot do otherwise than congratulate Mr. Moore on the improvement

here exhibited in his style. Of whatever description might be the contents of the auto-biographical manuscript presented by Lord Byron to Mr. Moore, we have ever held, and ever shall hold, that, by the destruction of that manuscript, Mr. Moore was guilty of violating a most solemn compact with his friend. That there were passages in the manuscript calculated to wound the feelings of individuals, and altogether unfit for the public eye, we can easily imagine; but, in justice to Lord Byron, as well as from a feeling of self-respect, he ought to have examined it in the lifetime of the writer—he ought to have examined it with a scrutinising eye, before he consigned it to the hands of a bookseller for a pecuniary consideration; and if not satisfied as to the propriety of its publication in every sense, it was his duty as a man, as a gentleman, and as a friend, to return it to its author. By the sacrifice of the manuscript it was understood that Mr. Moore sustained a loss of 2000*l.*; but, admitting the fact, the merits of the case were not altered. It has been reported also, that, for his two volumes of Letters, Journals, Notices, Reminiscences, &c., he is to receive—probably has received in part—the sum of 6000*l.* or guineas. If so, his purse may well congratulate itself on the destruction of the original memoir.

But Mr. Moore, it appears, has given deep and deadly umbrage to Lady Byron by the publication of certain of his lordship's letters, and also by promulgating "his own impressions of private events," in which Lady Byron was most nearly concerned, "as if he possessed a competent knowledge of the subject;" which competent knowledge, it is assumed, he does not possess. Full of filial, but apparently without a spark of conjugal feeling, Lady Byron rushes forth in arms to vindicate the kind and conciliatory conduct of her parents. That Mr. Moore had a moral right to publish many of the letters which he has published we utterly deny. We abominate the principle of dragging forth to the public gaze such letters of distinguished individuals, or of any individuals—such letters as were written in the confidence of private friendship, as ought never to come before the eye of any but of those to whom they were addressed. That Lord Byron proved a *bad* husband to Lady Byron, we are quite disposed to believe—that from constitution, temperament, and

habit, he was incapable of becoming a *good* husband to any woman, and least of all to such a woman as Lady Byron appears to be, is our firmest conviction. But, uniting herself with a man as Lady Byron united herself with his lordship, what had she as a wife to expect? Let the reader consult Lord Byron's letters, as published by Mr. Moore, upon this subject. It may be asked, What has the public to do with such affairs? Nothing—literally nothing; but *if* the public be indecently made parties in the business, they have a *right* to be placed in possession of the whole of the case. Lady Byron has not so placed them. She has, indeed, thrown out the darkest insinuations against the character and fame of her deceased husband; but, in so doing, she has not, in the faintest degree, enlightened the mind of the reader as to the causes of their separation. However, we dare not indulge in a vein of *re-marking* upon Lady Byron's *remarks*.

And then comes forward most heroically—though Heaven knows from what motive—Mr. Thomas Campbell, to championize, if we may be allowed to coin a word, the cause of Lady Byron. And what light does *he* throw upon the subject? Not a single ray! How should he, when, as we have been pretty confidently assured, Lord Byron himself was in ignorance? O, truly, truly, it is lamentable—it is humiliating to humanity—it shows us too painfully the stuff we are made of—that the author of that beautiful, that noble poem, "The Pleasures of Hope," should, under some strange paroxysm, have given birth to such a paper as that which his evil genius led him to insert in the magazine of which he is the ostensible editor! We can imagine something like it in the spouting of a man muddled with—; but, in pity, we will not proceed.

The whole of this distressing, this disgusting affair, is treated, as well in a bold, vigorous manner, as in that becoming the duties of society, in "The Monthly Magazine." Lord Byron "had a right, as a husband," exclaims the writer, "to be indignant at his wife's leaving his house without his permission; and he had a right to taunt any woman with hypocrisy, as well as want of duty, who writes to him a letter full of fondling at the moment when she was determined on abandoning him for ever."—"It is a bur-

lesque to say, that nothing graver than 'Dear Duck' at the head of her final letter would have prevented Lord Byron from dashing his head against the wall." However, as we have said, we dare not trust ourselves with detailed comment; and therefore we shall close with the closing sentences of the paper in "The Monthly Magazine:"—

But, if married people will be liable to sudden quarrels and partings, where is the proof of any attempt to return on this woman's part?—of any effort to soothe the temper whose irritability she knew before she married?—of any decent sorrow over his grave? Did even her carriage, or the carriage of her family, attend his funeral? Has she since given the most trivial instance of female fondness for the memory of a man with whom she was so closely united? What honours has she paid to the tomb of a great being, by whose fame alone she is at this hour distinguished from the mob of title? Nothing!—But we have her at the end of half-a-dozen years disturbing the honours of him whom *her* duty and feeling might have kept in his country to be its living ornament, instead of being cast away in a barbarous and remote tomb. And for whom is this disturbance made? To vindicate the civility and so forth of two such people as Sir Ralph Milbanke and his wife, about whom the world cares no more than about the giants in Guildhall.

Two sprightly volumes of "*Private Memoirs of the Court of Louis XVIII.*," professedly "*by a Lady*," and that lady supposed to be Madame de Caylus, the well-known favourite of the deceased sovereign, have afforded us much amusement. The style is racy and piquant even in translation, and many of the sketches display much graphic tact. By way of specimen, we select, for its brevity, one of the more serious. Allowing for French exaggeration, it is not an unfair outline portrait of Madame de Staël.

There was at this time in France a woman of superior genius, destined to confer glory on her age and country. This woman was profound as Montesquieu, witty as Voltaire, impassioned as Jean Jacques Rousseau; but, continuing to be a woman in heart, she thought there was nothing derogatory in being subject herself to the foibles of her sex, and having compassion on those of others. Her versatile imagination could turn to every subject, was adequate to every thing. She discussed with equal enthusiasm political questions and the sentiments of private life; she

would have given advice to power just as well as to mere friendship.

If you ask for a portrait of this extraordinary woman, I should say that her beauty, like her genius, was quite masculine. She was of majestic stature and had a wide chest, the movements of which had also their eloquence when agitated by the demon of inspiration. Her physiognomy was rather noble than delicate. I know not why she is represented holding a nosegay in her hand: I would rather see her with a lyre, like her own Corinna.

Proud of her father, she loved to hold up M. Neckar as the greatest of statesmen: but her filial tenderness was perhaps tinged with romantic exultation. In the consciousness of her superiority she had paid homage to the genius of Napoleon, hoping that he would not continue hostile to her; but, either because he was afraid of being closely searched by her scrutinizing eye, or because he had no sympathy for her, Napoleon preferred her hatred to her alliance. War was declared, but Madame de Staël had the worst of it: as a vanquished enemy, she could do no more than harass the giant by shafts thrown sometimes from too great a distance to reach him; while he, on his side, overwhelmed her with the whole weight of his power; and, from the efforts which he made to rid himself of her, it would have been supposed that he dreaded her not less than all the rest of Europe: yet Corinna had no other general and no other army but herself alone.

We had almost forgotten to mention that, in point of fact, these Memoirs are not the production of a lady, but of three young Frenchmen.

Lieutenant John Marshall, of the royal navy, has added an interesting volume, teeming with anecdotes of the most stirring character, to his "*Royal Naval Biography, or, Memoirs of the Services of all the Flag Officers, &c. &c., whose Names appeared on the Admiralty List at the Commencement of 1823.*"

The fourteenth volume of "*The Annual Obituary and Biography of 1829*" contains twenty-nine memoirs, the greater part of which display considerable ability in their arrangement and composition. Amongst them we find the names of Sir William Hoste, Lieutenant-Colonel Denham, Major Laing, Sir Edward West, Sir Miles Nightingall, Sir Brent Spencer, Bishop Lloyd, Sir David Baird, Dr. George Pearson, Sir James Atholl Wood, Lord Harris, Mr. Baron Hullock, &c.

"*The Life of Major-General Sir Thomas Munro, Bart. and K. C. B., late Governor*

of *Madras, with Extracts from his Correspondence and Private Papers, by the Rev. G. R. Gleig, M. A., M. R. S. L. &c., in two volumes,*" brings us intimately acquainted with a most amiable and intelligent man. The son of a merchant at Glasgow, he was born in that city in 1781. At school, he was famous as a boxer, and for his skill in all athletic sports. Yet he was gentle, mild, and peculiarly averse from quarrelling. It was difficult even to excite his indignation. *Robinson Crusoe*, *Anson's Voyages*, and *The Lives of the Buccaneers*, were amongst his earliest studies. At the age of sixteen, he made himself master of the Spanish language, chiefly with the view of reading *Don Quixote* in the original. At eighteen, he went to India as a military cadet. There he commenced a long series of services which terminated only with his life. These volumes are important, not only as recording the personal adventures of Sir Thomas Munro, but as furnishing a spirited narrative of the progress of our arms in India, from the time of Hyder Ally's descent upon the Carnatic in 1780, to the death of Sir Thomas in July, 1827. Munro's letters are remarkable for their clearness and simplicity, from the statesman-like reflections which they exhibit respecting Indian affairs. Although nearly the whole of his life was spent in India, his love of home was intense. After an absence of nearly thirty years, he revisited his birthplace; and he thus beautifully and poetically describes the sensations which, upon that occasion, he experienced:—

I have been twice at Northside; and though it rained without ceasing on both days, it did not prevent me from rambling up and down the river from Claysloop to the Aqueduct Bridge. I stood above an hour at Jackson's Dam, looking at the water rushing over, while the rain and withered leaves were descending thick about me, and while I recalled the days that are past. The wind whistling through the trees, and the water tumbling over the dam, had still the same sound as before; but the darkness of the day, and the little smart box perched upon the opposite bank, destroyed much of the illusion, and made me feel that former times were gone. I don't know how it is, but, when I look back to early years, I always associate sunshine with them. When I think of Northwood-side, I always think of a fine day, with the sunbeams streaming down upon Kelvin and its woody banks. I do not enter completely into early scenes of life in gloomy,

drizzling weather; and I mean to devote the first sunny day to another visit to Kelvin, which, whatever you may say, is worth ten such paltry streams as your Ammon.

We hardly know whether it will be in England or in India that these volumes will excite the livelier interest.

Another eminently valuable addition to our biographical stores will be found in a quarto volume of more than eight hundred pages—"*Memoir of the Life and Public Services of Sir Stamford Raffles, F. R. S. &c. by his Widow.*" It is not of a character, however, to which, within our circumscribed limits, we could render justice, either by analysis or extract.

It is impossible for us to convey to the reader any general idea of a work so desultory in its character as the "*Memoirs of Simon Bolivar, President Liberator of the Republic of Colombia, and of his principal Generals; comprising a Secret History of the Revolution, and of the Events which preceded it, to the present Time; by General H. L. V. Ducoudray Holstein, Ex-chief of the Staff of the President Liberator.*" The author, who was engaged in the French revolutionary war till the year 1800, and was for some time subsequently attached to the staff of Buonaparte, appears to have had excellent sources of information, and to have been an eye-witness of many of the important scenes he describes; but, in the perusal of his work, it is constantly forced upon our attention that he is decidedly hostile to the Liberator, to whom, in fact, he scarcely allows the possession of either principle or talent. However, his account of the state of Colombia and of its people contains much useful information; and his notices of Brion, Arismendy, Paez, and other Colombian authors, are lively and characteristic.

Some of our brother critics have, we conceive, been much too severe upon the two post-octavo volumes of "*Random Records, by George Colman the Younger*"—now certainly old enough to be designated a *senior*. In our humble opinion, they are not subjects of criticism at all; and, though they may not have realised the high expectations which had been raised in favour of the reminiscences of unquestionably the wittiest and most humorous dramatist of the age, they will abundantly repay, by the excitement of many a hearty laugh, the task of pe-

rusal. Take, for instance, the following spirited sketch of a scene in which Dodd, the comedian, was a principal actor. It was in his early days, while engaged at the Richmond theatre.

He sojourn'd, as the story goes, in lodgings near the theatre, with a *chère amie* belonging to the company. This, perhaps, he might have found to be a snug arrangement in the summer months, if the tranquillity of the *tête-à-tête* had not been daily disturb'd by discussing frivolous points, upon which the fond pair very furiously differ'd; insomuch that the gentleman was wont to force his arguments more by missiles than by metaphors;—in short, he threw chairs, tables, and chimney-piece crockery, all about the room.

In the heat of one of these domestic *fracas*, which happen'd at an early dinner, upon a shoulder of mutton, while Dodd clatter'd and the *chère amie* scream'd, the landlord rush'd upon the scene of action—in hopes, if he could not prevent a further breach of the peace, to hinder their breaking more of his property.—“How dare you, mister,” ejaculated Dodd, who was brandishing the shoulder of mutton in his hand, “obtrude into our apartment while we are rehearsing?”—“Rehearsing!” cried the amazed landlord, while the broken bits of sham china were crunching under his feet.—“I could have sworn you were fighting.”—“No, sir,” said Dodd, “we were rehearsing the supper-scene in *Catherine and Petruchio*, or the *Taming of a Shrew*.”—“Why, it does look,” observed the landlord, giving a glance round the room, “as if you had been trying to tame a shrew, sure enough.”—“Don't you know, fellow,” ask'd Dodd, “that we are advertised to act the parts this very night?”—“Not I, truly,” return'd the host.—“Then go down stairs, sir,” cried the comedian sternly, “and read the bill of the play: and read it every morning, sir, to prevent your repeating this impertinence.” History records not whether the landlord read the playhouse bill; but it sets forth that he did not forget his own;—for, when he presented it at the end of the week, it contain'd an appalling longitude of charges for old tea-pots, chipp'd wedgewood vases, delf shepherdesses, and other items of paltry earthenware, headed with “Mr. Dodd, debtor to John Wilson, for choice articles of very rare ornamental china, broken at the rehearsal of the *Taming of the Shrew*.”

It may be supposed that the expenses attending this rehearsal check'd the comedian's ardour for giving the piece a long run; and that he took care it should not be “repeated every day till further notice.”

Of Johnson, Goldsmith, Foote, Garrick, Sheridan, and a multitude of other worthies, Mr. Colman treats us with a variety of

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characteristic sketches and anecdotes. His first introduction to the erudite Doctor is quite a picture; but it is too long for our purpose to extract. His account of Goldsmith, and his delightful playfulness with children, is also good. A portion of his remarks upon Garrick we transcribe.

I have mention'd the uncommon brilliancy of his eye; but he had the art of completely quenching its fire; as in his acting Sir Anthony Bramble, a dramatic personage, who talks passionately with the greatest *sang froid*, and whose language, opposed to his temperature, breathes flame like Hecle in Iceland. In this part, I have been told, he made the twin stars which nature had stuck in his head look as dull as two coddled gooseberries: but his *deaf man's* eye (of which I once witness'd a specimen at Hampton) evinced his minuteness of observation and gift of execution. There is an expression in the eye of deaf persons (I mean of such as have not lost all perception of sound), which, difficult as it may be to exhibit in mimicry, it is still more difficult to define in writing: it consists of a mixture of dulness and vivacity in the organs of vision; indicating an anxiety to hear all, with a pretending to hear more than is actually heard, and a disappointment in having lost much; an embarrassed look, between intelligence and something approaching to stupidity: all this he convey'd admirably; and if I could convey it in words one tithe as well, I should have made myself more intelligible. On the whole, with all his superior art in portraying nature, it is to be lamented that he outraged her in one character,—and that was his own: he over-acted the part of Garrick.

Of the English Aristophanes, he observes—

Foote's earliest notices of me were far from flattering; but though they had none of Goldsmith's tenderness, they had none of Johnson's ferocity,—and when he accosted me with his usual salutation of “Blow your nose, child!” there was a whimsical manner, and a broad grin upon his features, which always made me laugh. His own nose was generally begrimed with snuff; and if he had never been more facetious than upon the subject of my *emunctories* (which, by the by, did not want cleansing), I need not tell the reader he would not have been distinguish'd as a wit: he afterwards condescended to pass better jokes upon me. The paradoxical celebrity which he maintain'd upon the stage was very singular:—his satirical sketches were scarcely dramas, and he could not be called a good legitimate performer. Yet there is no Shakspeare or Roscius upon record, who, like Foote, supported a theatre for a series of years by his own

acting in his own writings, and, for ten years of the time, upon a *wooden leg*! This prop to his person I once saw standing by his bed-side ready dress'd in a handsome silk stocking, a polished shoe and gold buckle, awaiting the owner's getting up: it had a kind of tragi-comical appearance;—and I leave to inveterate wags the ingenuity of punning upon a Foote in bed and a Leg out of it. The proxy for a limb thus decorated, though ludicrous, is too strong a reminder of amputation to be very laughable. His *undress'd* supporter was the common wooden leg, like a mere stick, which was not a little injurious to a well-kept pleasure-ground. I remember following him, after a shower of rain, upon a nicely roll'd terrace, in which he stump'd a deep round hole at every other step he took; till it appeared as if the gardener had been there with his dibble, preparing (against all horticultural rule) to plant a long row of cabbages in a gravel walk.

With one other passage we must close. Of Sheridan, we hear as follows:

I may surprise some, and offend others, by saying that I think Sheridan did not excel in light conversation; at least, not to that degree which might be expected from his transcendent abilities. Many men of inferior powers were, in my humble conception, pleasanter dinner companions; his son Tom, for instance. I admit that nobody sitting down with him, for the first time, and ignorant of his abilities, could have mistaken him for a common-place character; nor would the evening pass without some thoughts or turns of expression escaping, indicative of genius; but he wanted the flickering blaze of social pleasantry—the playful lightning of familiar discourse: his style appear'd to me more an exercise than desultory table-talk. I have heard him, late in the evening, recapitulate nearly all that had been said at table, and comment upon it with much ingenuity and satire; but, to say nothing of people disliking to find their careless chat thus remember'd and summ'd up, this was rather speechifying than conversing, and less fit for a dinner party than for a debating society. It was turning a private eating-room into St. Stephen's chapel, making the guests representatives of counties, towns, and boroughs, and the master of the mansion speaker of the House of Commons. This habit of harangue grew so much upon Sheridan in his declining days, that he would, in answering the observation of any person in company, call him “the honourable gentleman.”

Not a bad companion for Colman's “Random Records,” is the second volume of “*Reminiscences of Henry Angelo, with Memoirs of his late Father and Friends; including numerous original Anecdotes, and*

curious Traits of the most celebrated Characters that have flourished during the last eighty Years.” Mr. Angelo, whose former volume we remember noticing at considerable length, was for many years a fencing master of great practice; and thus he came in contact with many of the great and titled of the land, as well as with many eccentric and notorious individuals of almost all sects, persuasions, classes, and professions. His book is necessarily a medley; and though in many parts too coarse in its character for the *boudoir*, it offers no slight portion of amusement of a light nature. We shall content ourselves with a single spice of Mr. Angelo's quality, in his anecdote of Grimaldi's new dance—a dance, it would appear, not at all resembling either the waltz, the galopade, or the mazurka,

Rich, the manager of Covent Garden Theatre, who was ever ready to catch at any thing that was novel, or of pantomimic tendency, listened with rapture to Grimaldi, who proposed an extraordinary new dance, such a singular dance that would astonish and fill the house every night; but it could not be got up without some previous expense, as it was an invention entirely of his own contrivance. There must be no rehearsal; all must be secret before the grand display in and the exhibition on the first night. Rich directly advanced a sum to Grimaldi, and waited the result with impatience. The *maître de ballet* took care to keep up his expectations; so far letting him into the secret, that it was to be a dance on horse-shoes, that it would surpass any thing before seen, and was much superior to all the dancing that was ever seen in pumps. The newspapers were all puffed for a wonderful performance that was to take place on a certain evening. The house was crowded, all was noise and impatience—no Grimaldi—no excuse: at last an apology was made. The grand promoter of this wonderful, unprecedented dance, had been absent above six hours, having danced away on four horse-shoes to Dover, and taken French leave.

We are sure it will be gratifying to many of our readers to know, that the third volume of “*The Diary and Correspondence of Philip Doddridge, D. D.*” has made its appearance. It cannot be forgotten that, in our last half-yearly “Sketch of the Progress and State of Literature,” we indulged our own fancy, and, we trust, that of the public also, in commenting upon the amatory correspondence of the worthy, learned, and pious doctor. His was a very gentle, a very kindly, and a very inflammable heart;

yet—but we bend to the superior judgment of the ladies—we are fully of opinion, as we before observed, either that the love-letters of the past age were very different affairs from those of the present, or that Dr. Doddridge, although he was of a very affectionate disposition, and although he talked and wrote a vast deal about the *passion of love*, was, in reality, an utter stranger to its truth, its depth, its power, its unchanging and unchangeable character. But, again we say, the judgment of the ladies must decide. More than once—shame upon the ladies!—the good doctor was sadly jilted. He, however, disdained to wear the willow for any protracted period; he had the happiest facility imaginable in rapidly transferring his affections; no sooner was he “off with the old love,” than he was “on with the new;” and, though several of his Psyches, Delias, Fidelias, Cordelias, &c. proved false in succession, he found a faithful one at last—

A healing balm for every wound,
A cordial for his cares!

Omitting the introductory sentences, we quote one of his letters to Miss Maris, the lady who within three months afterwards became Mrs. Doddridge:—

In the honesty of my heart, I must tell you I am surprised at the impression my last visit had made upon me. It was, *en vérité*, so great, that if every future visit is to do as much, till I see you once for all, it will be my wisdom to see you as seldom as possible. I regarded you before with respect as an agreeable stranger, and in a few hours you have made yourself more to me than my most intimate friends; and often, when surrounded with them, *I languish*, because I am not with you. And yet, madam, I have not been insensible to the charms of your sex—but there is now a magic force which amazes me; for you have made a greater advance upon my heart in a few hours, than I intended to have allowed you in as many weeks; indeed, you have possessed yourself of so much room in it, that unless you will consent to be a tenant for life, our parting will be exceedingly troublesome, and it will be a good while before I shall get it into good repair again. If it were possible for a pretty lady to be troublesome, you would certainly be so; and with all my fond prejudices in your favour, I must profess I have some cause to complain. It is natural enough that your dear ideas should pursue me to the study and the chamber; but why must I think of you in public, and imagine there is something that resembles you in every agreeable woman I see, while I am

proud to think that the resemblance is but faint? My predictions are accomplished sooner than I expected, and I already find so much of my happiness centred in your arms, that I believe you will find it a very hard matter to keep me out of them. It is impossible for me not to wish that you, madam, might feel some answerable warmth of passion; but as it is not to be imagined, so I dare not say that upon the whole it is to be desired. For I really think that, in an affair of such importance, it would be best that one of us at least should have some exercise of reason. I have sometimes my lucid intervals, especially this cold morning; and then I can hardly persuade myself that such a masterpiece of nature, so gaily adorned without, and so richly furnished within, was ever intended for my possession, though I believe few would more thankfully receive it, or use it with greater tenderness and respect. Yet, in the midst of so much uncertainty, I am sensible it is dangerous to dote upon it too much; and therefore, madam, I have taken up a hearty resolution of applying to my business as closely as possible, and will try if it be not a practicable thing to live awhile without thinking of you: and because I find peculiar pleasure in writing to you, and am soothing my passion while attempting to express it, I am resolved immediately to deny myself that gratification; and though I have a whole page before me, which I could easily fill out of the abundance of my heart, I am determined to break off without any further attempt to describe the zeal and respect with which I am, dearest creature, your most faithful, affectionate, and humble servant,

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

P. S. I hope, madam, you will not be displeased with what you have read, as not being doleful enough to express the gloom of a broken heart. The fact is, that I never despair but in the last extremity, and persuade myself you have too much goodness to delight in human sacrifices. Let us, I entreat you, see whether it be not possible to spend our lives together without ever giving each other one uneasy thought.

Whether Dr. Doddridge were a passionate lover or not, his union proved, for a long series of years, an eminently prosperous and happy one.

In two volumes, we have “*An Historical Account of My Own Life, with some Reflections on the Times I lived in (1671—1731); by Edward Calamy, D.D.; now first printed; edited, and illustrated with Notes, Historical and Biographical, by Joseph Towill Rutt.*” —Of that eminent non-conformist divine, Dr. Edward Calamy, little we believe was previously known, beyond what had been gleaned by the editors of the Biographia

Britannica. The account to which we are now directing the attention of our readers was written by Dr. C. himself, whose manuscript remained in the family of Sir Walter Stirling for more than half a century. Not only by the dissenting portion of the community, but by the public at large, will these volumes be received with favour. The historic information which they impart is considerable; and they also abound with anecdotes of a curious and frequently of a pungent character; mostly, however, upon a scale too extensive for quotation in our pages.

To the antiquary, a rich and curious treat is presented in "*The Diary of Ralph Thoresby, F. R. S., Author of The Topography of Leeds (1677—1724); now first published from the original MS.; by the Rev. Joseph Hunter, F. S. A.*" With this announcement of a work that will be found to throw much light upon the customs, manners, and feelings of our ancestors more than a hundred years since, we must terminate the biographical portion of our sketch.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

We are not aware of any work in this department of literature entitled to precedence of "*Notices of Brazil, in 1828 and 1829, by the Rev. R. Walsh, LL. D., and Author of A Journey from Constantinople, &c.*" Dr. Walsh, it will be recollected, was chaplain to Lord Strangford, the British ambassador at the Ottoman court; and in the same honourable capacity he accompanied his lordship on his more recent mission to Brazil. It was in our eighth volume* that we entered at large upon the "*Journey from Constantinople;*" and we cannot but lament our inability, from want of space, to devote as much attention to the present as to the former work. Dr. Walsh is at once a man of science and of information; and, during his residence in South America, his talents were in full exercise. Throughout the two volumes, there is evidently the strictest adherence to truth;—no exaggeration, no attempts to colour beyond what the respective subjects treated of may demand. In politics, religion, morality, history, all is simple, clear, and distinct. However, our limits permit us neither to analyze nor to follow. Could we

find room for it, we should willingly transcribe all that portion of the work which relates to the court of Brazil, the emperor, and his family—more particularly the affecting narrative of the mental and bodily sufferings and lamented death of the late empress. This is impracticable; therefore all that we shall attempt is the subjoined slight yet striking sketch of the deceased.

When the empress first came to Brazil, she is represented as exceedingly engaging and lovely; her fair skin, clear complexion, blue eyes, and blond hair, were pleasingly contrasted with the dark locks, brown tint, and sallow visages, of the ladies about her. But she soon neglected these advantages; she had not the least personal vanity, and became utterly careless of her appearance, as of a thing altogether of no consideration. She went abroad with large thick boots, loaded with great tarnished spurs, such as are worn by the mineiros. She wrapped herself up in a clumsy great coat and a man's hat, and in this way sat herself astride on a horse, and rode through all parts of the town. It is true, this mode of riding is always practised in the provinces, and I have never seen a woman ride otherwise; and she adopted it from a wish to conciliate, in complying with the customs of people among whom she came to reside; though in Rio, where the European habits and usages of more polished countries have modelled the opinions of the natives, it is considered as coarse and indelicate. When she became a mother, she was as negligent of her person at home as abroad. Her hair, which was long and without curl, she suffered to hang lank and loose about her face and shoulders; and the defects of her person became every day more conspicuous. She had a large Austrian nether lip, and the thick neck which is characteristic of the people of Vienna, and gives them the appearance of being *bossu*. When she first appeared as a bride, with all the advantages of youth and dress, these defects were not apparent; but when neglect and indifference and the duties of a mother succeeded, they were but too conspicuous, and added, it is said, to the estrangement of her husband, who was himself scrupulously neat in his person, as are all the Brazilians, and exacted a similar attention from those about him.

We have been amused and kept in a pleasurable state of excitement by the perusal of two volumes of "*Travels in Various Parts of Peru, including a Year's Residence in Potosi; by Edmond Temple, Knight of the Royal and Distinguished Order of Charles III.*"—Sir Edmond Temple is a gentleman and man of the world, a man of shrewd if not of very profound observation;

* Vide page 289, et seq.

and, what is perhaps better than all, under some circumstances, he is just one of those gay, lively, harum-scarum fellows that it would be delightful to travel with—to dare a precipice, leap a chasm, or plunge into a whirlpool, laugh at past dangers, and be ready for new ones. Sir Edmond went out upon a mining expedition, which, through the misconduct of certain parties, failed, and he was in consequence thrown upon his own resources—in plain English, left without funds. However, his natural and national buoyancy of spirits never forsook him; he met with a good face every evil as it rose in succession, and ultimately triumphed over them. All that we can do is to offer one or two brief examples of his humour and vivacity. At Potosi, he happened to be afflicted with an endemic toothache, a complaint which led him to the honour of an introduction to the dentist, *alias* the barber, *alias* the blacksmith of the neighbourhood:—

When the barber appeared with his implements, I must confess that the pain, which had long been torturing me, instantly gave way to terror.—Heavens! what a leathern bagful of iron tools he placed upon my table! In the swollen condition of my face, I felt assured that I could not open my mouth wide enough to receive the smallest of them. Country blacksmiths sometimes use similar instruments in their calling of horse-shoeing; but, for a human operation, I never before saw any thing of the kind. When the man had been gone about a quarter of an hour, and when the cold shivering occasioned by the sight of his machinery had subsided, the pain returned, and I felt ashamed of my pusillanimity. Better, said I to myself, endure the torture of that man for five minutes, than the torture of this tooth for hours and days; then feeling if it was loose, I thought it seemed tighter than ever in its socket. Still I had courage to send a second time for the executer, who appeared quite as soon as I desired, and with a smile upon his countenance, which bespoke any thing but sympathy, for it ill accorded with the solemnity of mine, he exclaimed, “*Ahora, Caballero, si Dios quiere, à la obra;*” i. e. “Now, sir, with God’s will, to business.” Then, taking me by the shoulders, he made me sit down upon the floor, and, standing colossus-like above me, jammed my head between his knees. I was resignation personified, meekly surrendering myself without a struggle to his efforts, which, truth compels me to acknowledge, I was in a great degree prevented from making by the duration in which I was held between his nervous limbs. He grinned, I

screamed; and the more he grinned, the louder I bellowed: but I must also confess that I had no hope of being relieved so soon and so successfully as I was; for, in about three minutes, and with three tugs, the last accompanied with a *haugh!* similar to what paviors utter when using their pounder with all their might, the tooth was wrenched from my head, and flew bang through a pane of glass in the window. I thought that my jaw had accompanied it, and, putting up my hand to feel, was so surprised to find all safe, that I paid, at my own discretion, the liberal fee of two dollars, and blessed my stars when he who caused my pleasure and my pain vanished from my presence.

Upon another occasion, that of crossing a river in South America, he confesses that he found himself rather nervous. Had we been present, we are afraid we should have sympathised with him.

The boats were constructed in a much shorter time than I require to describe them, although their description may be given in a few words, thus:—Take a dried bullock’s hide, pinch up each of the four corners, put a stitch with a thorn to keep those corners together, and your boat is made. For use, place it upon the water bottom downwards; then, to prevent its natural tendency to turn bottom *upwards*, put one foot immediately in the centre, and let the other follow with the most delicate caution; thus, standing breathless in the middle, you are now to shrink downwards, contracting your body precisely in the manner in which, probably in your childhood, you have pressed a friar into a snuff-box. This position, however inconvenient, serves to conceal a considerable share of timidity from your companions, though not from the spectators, who line the banks of the river, indulging in loud wild laughter. When crouched down in the bottom, sundry articles are handed in, and ingeniously deposited round you, until the *balsa* sinks to about an inch or perhaps an inch and a half from the water’s edge: it is then considered sufficiently laden. A naked peone now plunges into the stream. “Mercy on us!” is the natural exclamation; for the first impression from the shock is, that yourself and all your property are going to the bottom; but you are instantly relieved from this very probable conjecture by the peone’s taking hold of one of the corners of the *balsa* (which projects like that of a cocked-hat), and asking you, “*Està V. bien?*” “Are you comfortable?” To this question you reply by a nod of the head, for the use of the tongue is lost; but even if words were at command, you may not wish to commit yourself by expressions diametrically opposed to feelings and symptoms; or you may wish it to be imagined, as is sometimes

practised in perilous situations, that your profound silence indicates indifference of danger, or may pass for coolness and presence of mind. Silence also conveys an idea of gravity, and of resignation to your fate, which, indeed, is no more than becoming, when you feel persuaded that nothing short of a miracle can prolong your existence beyond a quarter of an hour. The nod being given, a peone on the shore imparts a gentle influence to your tottering bark, while the peone in the water, keeping hold of the corner with one hand, strikes out with the other, and swims away with you to the opposite bank. The moment you touch it, so great is your joyful surprise at arriving perfectly safe, that all the perils of your voyage are forgotten, and you soon find out (as is often the case in life), that your imagination had represented dangers and difficulties where, with a little caution, there existed neither the one nor the other.

It is not a little extraordinary that René Caillié, a poor, uneducated man, scarcely yet thirty years of age, actuated by a thirst for travel, and relying upon his own scanty resources, should have been the first to reach the great city of Timbuctoo by the Senegal route; an exploit for which he has most meritoriously won the prize proposed by the Geographical Society of Paris. Caillié was born at Mauzé, in the department of the Deux Sevres, in the year 1800. His parents died when he was an infant, and his only education was that of the charity school of his native town. The perusal of Robinson Crusoe, and such books of voyages and travels as he was enabled to borrow, first inspired him with an inexpressible desire for foreign travel; and at the age of sixteen, with only sixty francs in his pocket, he set out for Rochfort, and sailed for Senegal in the brig *La Loire*, the associate of the unfortunate *Meduse*. Thus he reached St. Louis on the western coast of Africa. He afterwards proceeded to Dakar; and from that settlement, after the failure of Major Peddie and Captain Campbell's attempt, he went on foot to the Gambia, for the purpose of joining the expedition under Major Grey. This march, in the course of which he suffered much from the climate, somewhat damped the ardour of his enterprising spirit. After remaining several months at Guadaloupe, circumstances induced him to return to France. Again inspired by reading Mungo Park's travels, he returned to St. Louis at the end of 1818. There he joined a caravan, which, under the conduct

of M. Adrien Partarrieu, had been sent by Major Grey to purchase certain goods required by the king of Bondou, and then to rejoin the expedition. In February, 1819, he proceeded with this caravan, composed of sixty or seventy men, and thirty-two richly laden camels. Traversing the country of the Senegal, the Desert, and the countries of the Yolofo, Foulahs, and Bondou, he again suffered in his health, and was compelled once more to return to France. On his recovery, he again set sail for Africa; and in August, 1824, he made a journey from St. Louis to the Bracknas, which engaged him till May, 1825. Unable to procure any pecuniary assistance from the French authorities, he applied to Sir Neil Campbell at Sierra Leone; but with him also he was unsuccessful. Not having been able anywhere to obtain the necessary assistance for his projected journey to Timbuctoo, he determined to undertake it entirely at his own expense. He accordingly set out from Kakondy, on the river Nunez, the spot which proved fatal to Peddie and Campbell, on the 19th of April, 1827; and, by dint of great ingenuity, prudence, and perseverance, he ultimately achieved the object on which his heart had so long been fixed. To accompany him on his interesting route is impossible. Suffice it, therefore, to say, that he reached Timbuctoo, where he collected important information respecting the lamented death of Major Laing; that he left Timbuctoo on the 4th of May, 1828, and crossed the Sahara or Desert with a caravan; and that, proceeding to Fez, the ancient capital of Morocco, he arrived there, after great hardship and suffering, on the 12th of August. On the 11th of September he reached Tangier, where he was kindly received by the French consul, by whose means he was enabled to reach his native country. He sailed from Tangier in the *Légère* sloop, and arrived at Toulon on the 8th of October.

That there should be discrepancies between Caillié's account of Timbuctoo and the accounts of earlier travellers is no more than was to be expected; and, certainly, we are not amongst those who affect to entertain a doubt of his having actually visited that city. Of his general description, we sub-join a brief abstract:—

The city of Timbuctoo forms a sort of triangle, measuring about three miles in circuit. The houses are large, but not high, consisting entirely

of a ground-floor. In some, a sort of little closet is constructed above the entrance. They are built of bricks of a round form, rolled in the hands and baked in the sun. The walls, except as far as regards their height, resemble those of Jenné. The streets are clean, and sufficiently wide to permit three horsemen to pass abreast. Both within and without the town there are many straw huts of a circular form, like those of the pastoral Foulahs. They serve as dwellings for the poor, and for the slaves who sell merchandise for their masters.

Timbuctoo contains seven mosques, two of which are large: each is surrounded by a brick tower. This mysterious city, which has been an object of curiosity for so many ages, and of whose population, civilization, and trade with the Soudan, such exaggerated notions have prevailed, is situated in an immense plain of white sand, having no vegetation but stunted trees and shrubs, such as the *mimosa ferruginea*, which grows no higher than three or four feet. The city is not closed by any barrier, and may be entered on any side. Within the town are seen some of the *balanites Egyptiaca*, and in the centre is a palm tree.

Timbuctoo may contain at most about ten or twelve thousand inhabitants; all are engaged in trade. The population is at times augmented by the Arabs, who come with the caravans, and remain awhile in the city. In the plain, several species of grass and thistles afford food for the camels. Firewood is very scarce, being all brought from the neighbourhood of Cabra. It is an article of trade, and the women sell it in the market-place. It is only used by the rich: the poor use camel-dung for fuel. Water is also sold in the market-place; the women give a measure containing about half a pint for a cowrie.

Timbuctoo, though one of the largest cities I have seen in Africa, possesses no other resources but its trade in salt, the soil being totally unfit for cultivation. The inhabitants procure from Jenné every thing requisite for the supply of their wants, such as millet, rice, vegetable butter, honey, cotton, Soudan cloth, preserved provisions, candles, soap, allspice, onions, dried fish, pistachios, &c.

For the particulars alluded to respecting the death of Major Laing, as well as for much valuable, geographical, and general information, we must refer the reader to the work itself. Caillié, as we have observed, left Timbuctoo on the 4th of May. On the morning of the 9th he tells us—

A little before sunrise, the Moors who accompanied me showed me the spot where Major Laing was murdered. I there observed the site of a camp. I averted my eyes from this scene of horror, and secretly dropped a tear,—the only

tribute of regret I could render to the ill-fated traveller, to whose memory no monument will ever be reared on the spot where he perished. Several Moors of our caravan, who had witnessed the fatal event, told me that the major had but little property with him when he was stopped by the chief of the Zawata, and that he had offered five hundred piastres to a Moor to conduct him to Souyerah (Mogador). This the Moor refused to do,—for what reason I was not informed, and dared not inquire.

As a work of general information, we can satisfactorily recommend a "*Historical Account of Discoveries in North America; including the United States, Canada, the Shores of the Polar Sea, and the Voyages in Search of a North-West Passage; with Observations on Emigration; by Hugh Murray, Esq., F.R.S.E., author of Historical Account of Discoveries and Travels in Africa, Asia, &c.*" The materials of these two volumes have been industriously collected, judiciously arranged and compressed.

A very pleasant guide, as it may be termed, through the parts to which it refers, may be found in "*Letters from Nova Scotia, comprising Sketches of a Young Country; by Captain W. Moorsom, 52d Light Infantry.*" The manner is light and conversational—the matter amusing and instructive. We subjoin a brief notice, descriptive of the costume of the French settlers at Clare:—

The costume of the women is preserved in greater purity than I have ever observed among the settlements of the East Coast. The *coiffe*, a blue or white handkerchief, covers the head, and is tied under the chin. The little children, who are muffled up in this manner at all seasons, look almost smothered on a hot summer's day. A riband is bound round the forehead, under which a few short and remarkably thin curls are suffered to escape in front, and two ringlets equally thin fall down on each side. A little bob-jacket of linen cloth, checked blue and white, with a high waist, is covered at the shoulders with a white or coloured handkerchief pinned neatly behind. The petticoat is usually dark blue, of coarse woollen homespun, made very large, and gathered in folds at the waist all round. Blue stockings (as if in mockery of the notions we attach to the *bas bleu*), and low shoes of black leather, without binding or ornament, complete the dress of the females. The men are not so peculiar in this respect; a sailor's jacket and trousers compose their ordinary dress; and their dark eye and olive-brown complexion, together with an occasional *bonnet rouge*, are the

only characteristics that recall to the memory aught we have seen on the coasts of Brittany or banks of the Garonne.

We offer some remarks upon costume, &c., of a very different character, from a work in two little volumes, entitled, "*Travels in Kamtchatka and Siberia, with a Narrative of a Residence in China; by Peter Dobell, Counsellor of the Court of his Imperial Majesty the Emperor of Russia.*"

Many persons have supposed (who only know the Chinese superficially), that a nation so grave, sedate, a monotonous, cannot include either fops or *bons vivans*. They are, however, mistaken. Few countries possess more of those worthies than China, though perhaps their talents are not carried to so great an excess as in other parts of the world. The dress of a Chinese *petit-maitre* is very expensive, being composed of the most costly crapes or silks; his boots of shoes of a particular shape, and made of the richest black satin of Nankin, the soles of a certain height; his knee-caps elegantly embroidered; his cap and button of the neatest cut; his pipes elegant and high-priced; his tobacco of the best manufacture of Fokien; an English gold watch; a tooth-pick, hung at his button with a string of valuable pearls; a fan from Nankin, scented with *chulan* flowers. Such are his personal appointments. His servants are also clothed in silks; and his sedan chair, &c. &c. all correspondingly elegant. When he meets an acquaintance, he puts on a studied politeness in his manners, and gives himself as many airs as the most perfect dandies in Europe, besides giving emphasis to all those fulsome ceremonies for which the Chinese nation is so remarkable. The rich Chinese, who are cleanly, are all fond of dress; though some, from avarice, attend only to outward show, whilst the shirt and undergarments remain unchanged for several days, and expose, at the collar and sleeves, the dirty habits of the master through his splendid disguise.

Of the delicacy and refinement of the Chinese ladies, we are not led to form any high estimate; and our surprise at this lessens, when we are told that—

Women in China are not even taught to read and write: needle-work and music (if it deserves the name) are their only accomplishments. To kill time, they play at cards and dominoes, and smoke incessantly. Men and women of the better classes never mix in society; it is considered disgraceful to eat with their wives; they do not even inhabit the same side of the house. I have, however, known some who broke through this custom, and who have assured me they found much pleasure in dining with their wives.

Gaming, Mr. Dobell observes, seems to be the talisman of the Chinese soul, the deity to which he pays his most fervent adoration.

Besides cards and dice, they have other sports and games of chance peculiar to the country. The most remarkable are quail-fighting, cricket-fighting, shuttle-cock played with the feet, and tumbling, at which they are very expert. To make two male crickets fight, they are placed in an earthen bowl, about six or eight inches in diameter; the owner of each tickles his cricket with a feather, which makes both run round the bowl different ways, frequently meeting and jostling one another as they pass. After several meetings in this way, they at length become exasperated, and fight with great fury, until they literally tear each other limb from limb. This is an amusement for the common classes; but quail-fighting belongs to the higher orders.

• • • • • When two quails are brought to fight, they are placed in a thing like a large sieve, in the centre of a table, round which the spectators stand to witness the battle and make their bets. Some grains of millet-seed are then put into the middle of the sieve, and the quails, being taken out of the bags, are put opposite to each other near the seed. If they are birds of courage, the moment one begins to eat the other attacks him, and they fight hard for a short time, say one or two minutes. The quail that is beaten flies up, and the conqueror remains, and is suffered to eat all the seed. I should suppose the best quail-fight never lasted more than five minutes.

Of the general character of the Chinese, our intelligent traveller thus speaks:—

Most of the Chinese are naturally intelligent, and, applying themselves diligently to whatever they take in hand, of course acquire soon what they wish to learn. In short, they are naturally a well-disposed, excellent people, whose good qualities, under a better government, would render them rich and happy. It is impossible, even now, under all the difficulties they have to encounter, to live a month in China without being struck with admiration at the activity, industry, perseverance, and frugality, of the middling and lower classes. If a Chinese can only find the means of amassing a few dollars, he will certainly increase his capital by economy and persevering attention to his business, until he places himself far out of the reach of want. It must not be inferred from this, that there are not a great many debauched and profligate people amongst them. There are certainly very many; but fewer, in proportion to the amount of population, than in other countries.

Mr. Dobell's account of Kamtchatka and

Siberia—countries through which the pedestrianising Captain Cochrane wandered—abounds in novelty, in curious facts and observations. His style is quaint and lively, simple and perspicuous. Even in Kamtchatka, it appears the people have an idea of good living. One of the more substantial natives assured our author, that he and his sons had that year killed twelve bears, eleven mountain sheep, several rein-deer, a great number of geese, ducks, and teal, and a few pheasants and swans. And, said he,—

In November we shall catch many hares and partridges; and I have one thousand fresh salmon lately caught, and now frozen, for our winter's stock. Added to this, in my cellar there is a good stock of cabbages, turnips, and potatoes; with various sorts of berries, and about thirty poods of savannas, the greater part of which we have stolen from the field-mice, who collect them in large quantities also for the winter.

From "*Recollections of Travels in the East, forming a Continuation of Letters from the East, by John Carne, Esq.,*" a single post-octavo volume, constituting a sequel to the writer's former work, we transcribe (with the omission of some unimportant sentences) a beautiful and striking picture of the Eastern festival at Jerusalem on the ceremony of washing the pilgrims' feet:—

It took place in the evening, in the chapel of the convent. The superior had been dead some months, but his substitute officiated in his stead. * * * The pilgrims, of all ranks, were arranged in the church, each seated in a chair, with a small white cap on his head, his feet bare, and his countenance moulded into a state of devout expectation. The superior having exchanged the dirty rope with which he is generally girded for one of silk, from which a white towel is suspended, kneels down on a small footstool of white silk, and seizing the foot of the pilgrim, covered with the dust of so many memorable places, plunges it into a vessel of warm water. In this operation he is aided by two or three monks, who kneel on the cold pavement on each side of him. Mummings and blessings are muttered all the time, in a low tone, by the superior's lips, and in a higher cadence by those of the zealous assistants, the pilgrims, at the same time, keeping up a kind of recitative in all possible keys. Most of these men had a sun-burnt, worn, and anxious appearance, as if they felt the enterprise in which they were engaged to be the most awful and important event of their lives—on which even the brightness of their future state in a great measure depended.

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* * * This ceremony tends to exalt the poor devotee in his own estimation; for the superior, having washed and carefully wiped the feet, kisses them ardently, and pronounces a benediction on their owner. Then all the monks of the convent come and kneel on the pavement, and press their lips also on the feet of the happy and enviable man. Then followed an excellent supper, in which the priests waited most attentively on their visitors. * * * The most interesting hour was that, however, in which the marble pavement of the rotunda was covered with the crowd of devoted admirers. The light that was cast below was very brilliant, and showed this concourse of wanderers from many nations, mingled with priests, monks, Turks, Arabs, and Syrians. The showy dresses and weapons of the Osmanli, his calm and serene features and nerveless attitude, were contrasted with the impassioned expression and lively gestures of those around, in their poor and religious garments. The women also of the different persuasions were there, all dressed in white; the looks of some bent on the ground, and the eyes of others wandering curiously on the various and animated scene. This was the hour of monkish triumph, as well as that of relics, flowers, and incensed objects of all kinds. Some drew nigh with rapid and eager footsteps, and with the air of men who were conscious that the end of their toils was before them. It was easy to see that others hesitated long ere they ascended the three marble steps, that seemed like barriers between them and their long-cherished hope. They knelt on the pavement, and turned an imploring eye, not on the priest, for the priest was nothing here, but on the sacred chambers within, where the light fell, and whence hushed sounds issued; the slender pillar met their eye at the entrance, that marked the spot where the stone of the sepulchre was rolled away for ever. It would have been cruel to break on the blest illusion that then filled the minds of these people; it had been better to bid their necks bow to the cimeter, than tell them that this bright entrance had no resistless charm for guilt, no balm for remorse. One old man, whose hair and beard were white, and who seemed to have come from a very distant home, was observed to bend long beside the first marble step that conducted within. Numerous votaries passed him of both sexes, and one of the priests came and whispered in his ear some words of encouragement; but the old man still lingered, as if a long life of crime had then risen before him, or he doubted there could be mercy at so late an hour as this. It was not a little interesting to observe how changed were the looks and gestures of many of the people when they issued forth from the interior of the chamber. A triumphant smile was on the features of some, perhaps of more sanguine and buoyant spirits: the deep and

settled dejection with which others had entered gave place to hope and serenity; the step was quick, the hands unclasped, and the eye no longer bent doubtfully on the floor. Mingled with these were very many who blended devotion and interest together in the strangest way; rogues in grain, on whose mind past things sat a little uneasy, but who had no idea of even coming here without making it turn to some future account. While their hands were clasped in exceeding sorrow, and their eyes uplifted, they held, fast-clenched, many a pleasant and secret article of barter, that was to be embalmed by the same devotions and hallowed by the same rites as those by which their crooked spirits were to be purified.

From national feeling, it is impossible not to be eminently gratified by the knowledge of its having been through the enterprise and perseverance of an Englishman, that the fate of La Pérouse, the French navigator, which had been so long shrouded in mystery, has been ascertained. Captain Dillon's "*Narrative and Successful Result of a Voyage in the South Seas, performed by Order of the Government of British India, to ascertain the Actual Fate of La Pérouse's Expedition, &c.*" has set the question at rest for ever. For all the details of this extraordinary catastrophe, as well as for numerous other relations of a most stirring character, we must refer the reader to the work itself, as it is published, in two octavo volumes. The unfortunate Frenchman, with many of his associates, perished on the island of Mannicolo, to which Captain Dillon has given the name of La Pérouse's Island. According to the report of the natives, that island had never been visited by Europeans, either before or since the wreck of Captain Pérouse's ship, till the period of Captain Dillon's arrival.

With many of the articles recovered from the natives, Captain Dillon proceeded to Calais on the 1st of February, 1829, and delivered them to the Baron Hyde de Neuville, at Paris, on the 6th. On taking charge of them, the baron informed him they were to be placed in a cenotaph, to be erected in a new museum, dedicated to the Dauphin, with an inscription describing their loss and recovery. His Majesty Charles X., as a mark of his royal approval of Captain Dillon's services, conferred upon him the Cross of the Legion of Honour, with a sufficient sum in cash to defray the expenses of his voyage to Europe; also an annuity of 4000 francs for his own life, and

half that amount to his family, should they survive him. At the close of an interesting half hour's interview with his majesty, Captain Dillon was allowed to retire, the king then bidding him adieu:—"Good by, Captain Dillon; I thank you!"

FINE ARTS.

Flaxman's "*Lectures on Sculpture*," though not altogether of the high order that might have been expected from the powerful mind, refined taste, and extensive practical experience of their author, must be received as a valuable accession to that department of English literature, which had hitherto offered little that could be termed really useful in either the theory or the practice of the art. These Lectures, which comprise the substance of what Mr. Flaxman, in his capacity of professor of sculpture to the Royal Academy, delivered to the students at Somerset House, are ten in number. One, two, and three of the series treat historically of English, Egyptian, and Grecian sculpture. The fourth Lecture embraces all the ancient and modern rules of the science, with reference to the human figure, &c. In the fifth, beauty is treated of and exemplified in the art of design. In the sixth, composition is discussed and explained. The seventh treats of style; the eighth refers chiefly to drapery; the ninth and tenth respectively form historical summaries of ancient and modern art. These Lectures are illustrated by a variety of lithographic plates.

Prefixed to the volume is an excellent portrait of the author, followed by a succinct biographical memoir, recording the dates, &c. of his works.

The public are indebted to Mr. T. F. Hunt, the architect (author of "*Half-a-dozen Hints on Picturesque Domestic Architecture*," "*Designs for Parsonage-Houses and Almshouses*," "*Architectura Campestre*," &c.), for a quarto volume of "*Exemplars of Tudor Architecture, adapted to Modern Habitations; with Illustrative Details, selected from Ancient Edifices; and Observations on the Furniture of the Tudor Period*." Mr. Hunt's grand aim is to show—and in this object he is completely successful—that English architecture is still the most applicable for English habitations—that the beauties of Tudor architecture may readily be combined with all the comforts and con-

veniences of modern structures; and that this particular style is economical, as compared with the buildings of ancient Greece or Rome, though "not with the monotonous and unadorned dwellings of our London streets, in which, unhappily, too few traces of art are visible." The illustrative plates of this volume are extremely valuable; and to the general not less than to the scientific reader will the work prove highly attractive, from the mass of curious information which it contains, the result of extensive and greatly varied research.

We hail, with the sincerest satisfaction, every effort to promote the study and the practice of the fine arts in their highest departments; and, upon this principle, we have great pleasure in introducing to the notice of the reader "*An Inquiry into the Causes of the Decline of Historical Painting, with the Means to be pursued for its Restoration: addressed to the Teylerian Society of Haarlem in Holland; and in Answer to a Question by them recently published: respectfully inscribed to the Directors and Governors of the British Institution for promoting the Fine Arts in the United Kingdom: by Douglas Guest, Historical Painter, formerly Lecturer of the Fine Arts in the Royal Institution of Great Britain.*"—Briefly, but clearly, Mr. Guest indicates the various well-known causes which operate to prevent, or to repress, the advancement of historical painting. Amongst other points, he is very severe upon "the rage for collecting old pictures, good or bad, to the disadvantage of rising talent; depreciating every exertion and work of a living artist."

And this is mainly attributable to the hordes of picture-dealers, who, trading and imposing on the credulity of the public, cry down every modern attempt, by endeavouring to show it is impossible to equal the excellences of the old masters; thus keeping these up at the most extravagant prices; *patching, copying, and mending frequently the vilest trash.*

Mr. Guest's instructions for the general and professional education of a youth destined for a historical painter are very sensible and judicious; but, as a specimen of his style and feeling, we prefer quoting his remarks on Rubens and Vandyke:—

The inexhaustible genius of Rubens produced from the stores of his palette the most surprising effects of colours and execution; and, with a boldness that defies criticism, he compels us to admire

the most incongruous associations of costume, character, and form, in the splendid blaze and *coup d'œil* of his pictures; a daring capriciousness affording him a readiness of means by which, with a wonderful celerity, he produced his numerous works, regardless of the local habits and truth to the points of history he represents; as in the instance of his picture of the Rape of the Sabines, wherein he has introduced splendid architecture, and the women dressed in silks after the manner of his own times. His countrymen do not appear to have been very severe critics, and the license granted to him was abundantly abused. He possessed, in the highest degree, the art of making a picture. His arrangement of colours is not to be surpassed; and to this he devoted the whole force of his mind, regulating and balancing them with wonderful art. That his great experience and judgment had reduced this part of painting to decided principles, may be traced through all his works. A genius so eccentric, so completely creating from materials of its own, should rather be viewed for itself, without any reference to the rules and examples of others: it is sufficiently splendid to dazzle and delight; and its grasp embraced the whole face of animated nature. Rubens is single in his art! He has produced a host of imitators: but, wanting the imagination, they have copied his defects, without the charm of his poetic fervour. Vandyke, more chaste, more pleasing, but with infinitely less genius, concentrated his powers on the more familiar walk of portraits: this branch he raised to the highest perfection, blending with it an historic air, derived from his previous studies, and gave to this art an interest far surpassing any of his predecessors. His portraits, from these advantages, are unrivalled and of the highest value.

POETS.

One very extraordinary poem—only one, and that, as yet, but little noticed or known—has made its appearance within the last half year. This is "*The Descent into Hell*," founded—we will not venture to say with what degree of taste or judgment—upon the idea of our Saviour's actual descent into the abodes of the damned. However, the author having conceived and formed his plan, it is chiefly with the execution that we have to do. The feeling, the expression of the verse adopted is essentially Miltonic; but its measure is the *terza rima* of Dante—a measure, notwithstanding the efforts of Lord Byron, hitherto a stranger, nearly, to English poetry. Mr. Heraud, son of the law-stationer of that name, is the author of this poem, which, if we mistake not, is destined to make no slight noise in the

world. To render it ample justice would require a volume of criticism—and we have not the space of even half a page to spare—for almost every line requires a comment. In the extract which we are about to introduce, from what is termed “The Prologue of Death,” a gigantic power and grasp of mind will at once be perceived; and, what is remarkable—notwithstanding the occasional affectation of obsolete words and phrases—the language has been subjected to a high and most elaborate polish.

I ride upon the Glacier, and do fly,
Yea, I come flying on the wingèd wind;
And my pavilion of the snow pile I,
And wonne among the mountains, 'till I mind
To come abroad; then I wend on my way
Precipitous in lightning, though not tined
From heaven surcharged, but kindling, as it
may,

About my secret place, where royally
Dwelleth the hiding of my power, whose away,
Felt only, doth abide invisibly,
And is in that it is, like to a god
Which lives but in his proper energy.

The floods leap under me, and foam aloud,
And bear me onward, gathering as I go,
And armies come unto me from the cloud.
I triumph in my chariot of snow.
Forth utter I my voice, . . the thunder peals:
Forth from my sanctuary I rush, and, lo,
Forests confess me, nor the vale conceals
My presence, . . and the village vanisheth;
Ruin to my pleased ear man's shriek reveals,
Silence, Depopulation.—I am Death!

A home in Air have I. Winds hear my voice,
The four winds answer it with all their breath.—
—Lo! the Tornado doth aloud rejoice
In his ubiquity, and cometh out
With sudden and exaggerated noise;
Scattering his hurtling arrows all about
Amid the sky, the while his iron shoon,
Cottage and Palace trample; . . with a shout,
Then whirls him in his dusty car aboon,
As with the ruin he would blot out heaven,
And quench the glorious sun,—as I shall soon.
And men are hurl'd into the clouds, and driven
As in a witch-dance, round, and aye around,
And perish in the flashes of the leven;
I swoop, and strangle them in that dire swound,
For sport;—and thus I gambol merrily.

My way is on the Waters. Of the Drown'd
The last spasm makes the globule, wherewith I
Take innocent delight, and think when this
Strong hand shall, with the same facility,
Confound in one disruption, one abyss,
A bubble and a universe. I dance

Around the circles of the Vortices,
And see the ship go down in a strong trance,
And hear the shriek,—one, yet how manifold!
There, where the steeds o' the Tempest foam and
prance,
Am I; their wild manes o'er wild ocean roll'd,
Like fire-flakes, wreath the billows, and their
neigh
Doth chide the clarion-clang of Ocean old.

I dash amidst them, eager for the fray;
Doth plunge my Charger with me; he doth swim,
Wild in his fierceness, through the flashing spray;
As if a lightning-stroke had blinded him,
And darted frenzy to his brain, and he
Were madden'd with the torture in each limb,
And sweat' and shriek'd in sightless agony,
And made huge havoc in his maniac might,
'Till his heart burst. Then, on the exhausted
sea,

The waves drop down, and, in the dull twilight,
Lay sluggishly about the riven hulk,
O'er which the day rose sunless as the night,
Or glared portentous on the sail-less bulk
With a red eye and fiery. Lo, I
Chafe Ocean, that he waken from his sulk
Awhile, and blow a gale though weariedly
And brief;—yet unto me the billows spring,
Wild playmates, and a low-breathed harmony
We utter round the hopeless bark, and sing
A doleful and predestinating dirge.
Then droops again old Ocean, murmuring
Like to a dreaming giant, whom no scourge
May waken more, basking in watchet weeds
Under the calm blue heaven; while on the verge
Of that doom'd ship gaunt Famine sits, and feeds
On flesh of men; with Thirst that drinks their
blood;

And Pestilence, glad of their savage deeds,
That, shivering at the helmless stern, doth brood,
Couchant o'er carcasses. And I am there!

Here is wonderful condensation of thought, vigour of expression, vividness, splendour, and magnificence of imagery. The inversions are, in many instances, violent; yet, violent as they are, they are often strikingly happy and effective;—instance the expression, “With a red eye and fiery!” What would this have been worth, had the poet contented himself by saying, *With a red and fiery eye?*

Another great and striking beauty in Mr. Heraud's verse is the eminent skill, and musical correctness of ear, with which the sound is adapted to the sense; and that, not merely by the choice and juxtaposition of words alone, but by the slow and solemn, the light and rapid, move-

ments inevitably induced in the reader by the rhythmical adjustment of feet. Of this, numerous instances occur in the passage transcribed.

But we must proceed.

Various other poems, of a somewhat religious character, have come before the public; but we feel it scarcely necessary to attempt more than their enumeration. From "*Satan*," however, a long and heavy production, by Robert Montgomery, author of "*The Omnipresence of the Deity*," &c., we quote a brief but poetic description of Mount Ararat:—

How gloriously diluvian Ararat
Hath pinnacled his rocky peak in clouds!
He thrones a winter on his awful head,
And lays the summer laughing at his feet.
Time cannot mar his glory; grand he swells,
As when the ark was balanced on his brow
That saw the flushing of the far-off flood
Beneath, and heard the Deluge die away.

Then we have "*Mount Sinai, a Poem*," by William Phillips, illustrated by a splendid frontispiece from the pencil of Martin; and "*Scenes from the Flood, the Tenth Plague, &c.*" by Dugald Moore, author of "*The African*," in which we find some descriptive passages of considerable merit.

"*Poetry of the Magyars, preceded by a Sketch of the Language and Literature of Hungary and Transylvania*," by John Bowring, LL.D., F.L.S., M.R.A.S., &c." must be regarded as a literary curiosity. To Dr. Bowring we had previously been much indebted for an insight of the poetic stores of various nations of whose literary character we were almost entirely ignorant; and, especially for its critical sketches prefixed, the present volume proves a very acceptable addition. As far, however, as we are enabled to judge from translation, the poetry of the Magyars is more remarkable for quaintness and simplicity, than for beauties of a more elevated order. We offer one example, in a piece entitled "*The Pipkin*:"—

O silly pipkin! storming so
With such a little fire below;
O silly love! that burns and burns,
And all my senses overturns.

It is not hard a fish to snare,
But of the fish's bones take care;
Not hard with her you love to be,
But O! the parting misery!

The sun, the rain, the wind combine
To ripen grape-fruits on the vine;
And in due time those fruits are press'd,
And maidens for the altar dress'd.

What! would they hide me from my love,
Mine own, mine own, my favourite dove?
They call'd me weak—they did me wrong;
They call'd me weak—but I am strong.

I would not on the ridge be thrown,
I would not by the scythe be mown;
My right hand lost, O! who would knead
For thee the white, the wheaten bread?

NOVELISTS.

INTRODUCED by an amusing fiction, we have three volumes of "*Tales of an Indian Camp*"—tales supposed to be related by the chiefs of that interesting and extraordinary people, the Red Indians of North America. These pieces, embodying a multitude of the national traditions, are fifty-nine in number; and, without actual perusal, it would be hardly possible to imagine the endless charm of variety which they present. Tales of love, of war, of the passions and affections, of supernatural horrors, of grotesque humour, of fairy delights, of good and evil spirits—some touchingly tender, others wildly imaginative—occur in rapid succession. Nor is it in amusement only that these Tales are valuable: they are important even in a philosophical sense; and their very copious notes appended are full of curious and remarkable historical information. We cannot resist the inclination of transcribing a passage from the history of Mishikinakwa, the Little Turtle of the Winnibagoes. The story is entitled "*The Phantom Woman*."

"I launched my canoe upon the lake which has given its name to our nation, when the sun was getting low in the latter part of the month of the blooming lilies. Stillness was abroad upon the face of the waters, and the lake lay as calm as a babe rocked to sleep on the breast of its mother. Not the slightest ripple broke upon its surface, which was smooth as a field of ice frozen in a calm. Nothing marred its beauty, save now and then a sportive fish gliding over its bosom, or the swallow skimming along, catching the flies as they rose from the quenching of their thirst. The brown eagle was wheeling in spiral mazes towards his beloved sun, and I heard the chirping of the grasshopper and the hum of the bee, each caroling away in his light-hearted labour. Afar lay the headlands, jutting into the lake,

and the precipitous cliffs which rise over the deeper portion of its waters. Behind me were the smokes of the cabins of my people, and before me the beautiful expanse of the unruffled lake.

"As I brushed my light bark along, I saw, standing on the water at a distance from me, a very beautiful woman. My tongue has not the power to paint the charms of this stately and bright-eyed creature. She was tall, and as straight as a youthful fir; and her eyes shone with such brilliancy, that you could not endure to look upon them, any more than upon the sun, but turned away to contemplate other objects. She was clothed in a garment which glittered in the sun like the sparkling sand of the Spirits' Island; and her locks, which were yellow as the beams of that sun falling upon the folds of a cloud, flowed down her beautiful form till they swept the surface of the waters. Filled with sudden love for this beautiful creature, and anxious to secure her to myself, I spread the blanket of friendship to the wind, and paddled my canoe towards her. As I came near her, I could perceive a strange alteration in her appearance. Her shape gradually altered, her arms imperceptibly disappeared, her complexion assumed a different hue, her cheek no more glowed with life, her eyes had lost their brilliancy, her before-glittering locks glittered no longer, and, when I came to the spot where she stood, I found only a shapeless monument of stone, having a human face, and the fins and tail of a fish. For a long time I sat in amazement and uncertainty of purpose, fearing either to approach nearer, or to speak to the once-loved but now fearful object. At length, having made an offering of tobacco to propitiate the spirit, and deprecated its wrath for having dared to love it, I addressed it in these words:

"Spirit that wast beautiful but now, and hast only become divested of thy unequalled brilliancy because a poor mortal approaches thee! guardian spirit of our nation! messenger to myself from the Great Spirit! or whatever other name thou bearest, tell me why thou art changed. Why has thy form, but now straight as the fir and scarcely less tall, become crooked and misshapen, and no higher than the oak of two summers? why has thine eye, but now so bright that my own were pained by its brilliance, faded, and become of the lack-lustre colour of stone? And thy garments, which glittered like the folds of a cloud tinged by the beams of the setting sun, why have they partaken of the change? And thy locks, which were yellow and shining as the sparkling sand of the Spirits' Island, why have they become of the hue of the brown moth? Is it because I dared to think thee beautiful—because my heart dared to feel for thee the flame of sudden love? If thine anger hath been aroused

at my presumption, forgive me, so thou wearest again the beautiful form that was thine when I first saw thee.'

"Having addressed the beautiful spirit thus, I paused for her reply. It came in tones soft and sweet as the wind of summer lightly sweeping the bosom of a prairie, and these were the words which belonged to them:

"'Mishikinakwa, it is not hatred of thee that makes me refuse to be seen by thee save at a distance; it is not hatred of thee which makes me refuse to reanimate that mass of stone and re-shape it to the proportions thou didst say were so beautiful. Oh, no! I have seen thee before, chief of the Winnibagoes, and, spirit as I am, have beheld thee with the eyes of love. But the beings which are not of clay are not allowed to associate with flesh and blood. I permitted thee a distant view of my face and form, that if thou thoughtest them worth the pains of death, thou mightst encounter those pains, and thy spirit, divested of its fleshly form, might fly to the arms of the Light of the Shades, and rove with her through the valley of endless bliss. Choose, then, between me and a longer stay upon earth—between the pains of a life which must be assailed by woes and sorrows, by continual storm, angry winter, parching thirst, pinching hunger, and chilling nakedness, and the joys which will attend thee when thou art clasped in the arms of her thou lovest, and who will return thy love with equal ardour. Unlike the maidens of the earth, my charms can never fade; never, like theirs, can my love be turned into hatred, or my heart grow cold, or my eyes cease to regard the beloved object with favour. Loving on through all changes, and loving on for ever, thy mind cannot fancy half the bliss which will be thine—mine—ours—if thou darest to die.'

"She ceased speaking, but my pleased ears remained listening long after her gentle voice had died away. And the delighted breeze softly returned from the calm and transparent waters, and the spirit of the echo gently repeated from the neighbouring hills, 'Unlike the maidens of the earth, my charms can never fade; never, like theirs, can my love be turned into hatred, or my heart grow cold, or my eyes cease to regard the beloved object with favour. Loving on through all changes, and loving on for ever, thy mind cannot fancy half the bliss which will be thine—mine—ours—if thou darest to die.'

'Come to me, lover, come!

I'll wait thy death,

In the evening's breath,

On the brow of the mountain,

That shadows the fountain.

Come, my lover, come!

'Come to me, lover, come!

Again will I wear

Bright gold in my hair,

And my eyes shall be bright
As the beam of light.
Come, my lover, come!
' Come quick, my lover, come!
And thou shalt be prest
To a faithful breast,
And thou shalt be led
To a bridal bed.
Mishikinakwa, come !'

" Thus called to the shades of happiness by so bright, and beautiful, and beloved a being, how can I remain on the earth? Since that moment I have wished much to die; every day have I asked the Master of Life to take from me the breath he has given, and permit me to go to the land that holds the spirit of my affianced wife. I loathe the vile chain which binds me from her; I hate all the things I see, for they are all less beautiful than she; and all sounds pain mine ear, for is it not filled with her voice, a hundred times sweeter than aught ever heard on earth? Ha! her voice again! She calls me to her arms! She bids me come and drink of the crystal streams in the land of souls; she bids me come and chase with her the fawn and the kid, to bring her berries from the hills, and flowers from the vales, and to brush with our mingled footsteps, in early morning, the dew from the glades, and to blend in early evening the music of our lips and the breath of our sighs by the sides of the grass-wrapt fountain. She bids me come and be clasped to a faithful breast, and called to a bridal bed. I come, beautiful spirit, to the appointed spot;

To the brow of the mountain,
That shadows the fountain.

Put then the bright gold in thy rolling locks, and let thine eyes shine as when I first saw thee. Be again as straight as the young fir, and array thyself in the garment which glittered like the sands of the Spirits' Island."

With a convulsive start, the warrior raised himself upon his couch to an upright posture. Gazing wildly around for a moment, he threw his arms forward, shouting "I come beloved, I come!" and then falling back, he lay a lifeless corpse. And so died Mishikinakwa, the Little Turtle of the Winnibagoes, of love for a phantom woman.

Under the title of "*Walter Colyton, a Tale of 1688*," Horace Smith has produced another work, on the historic model, in three volumes. Amongst the persons of this animated and amusing drama are James II.; his favourite Catherine Sedley, Countess of Dorchester; Walter Colyton the hero, son of an old cavalier, who is rescued from the infliction of death under the sentence of a court-martial by the

Jeannie Deans-like efforts of his mistress; Forester, a whig patriot, and his two lady-loves, each of whom has the satisfaction of being married to him in turn; Lord Sunderland, &c. There is much cleverness in this performance, as there is in all the works of Mr. Smith; but we are constrained to say that it does not possess that vitality of interest which we are entitled to expect from those who venture to follow in the wake of Sir Walter Scott. We wish the author had not *treated* us with so much of the euphonious dialect of Somersetshire.

Full of pungent and severe satire, "*Sydenham, or Memoirs of a Man of the World*," a novel in three volumes, is evidently the production of a young writer of great observation and high talent. Different as it is in character from "*Pelham*," it is more than probable that the idea was suggested by a perusal of that work. For our own parts, however, we decidedly dislike personal satire. The commixture of real with fictitious characters is not in good taste.

Scotch novels, as they are termed, still maintain their ground; and, were they always as good, as natural, as interesting, and as generally effective as "*The Dominic's Legacy, by the Author of The Sectarian*," we could wish them to maintain their ground for ever. Really, we have been charmed with its perusal—delighted in the contemplation of its truth and simplicity, its touches of pathos and humour, its sweetly sketched rustic scenes. We sincerely congratulate Mr. Picken, the author, on the rapid advance which he has made from his "*Sectarian*."

Classed as romances, we have two works, each of them eminently curious to all who take an interest in Oriental literature. The first, in two octavo volumes, is entitled "*The Fortunate Union, a Romance; translated from the Chinese original, with Notes and Illustrations; to which is added a Chinese Tragedy; by J. F. Davis, F.R.S. &c.*" The second, in one quarto volume, is "*The Adventures of Hatim Tai, a Romance, translated from the Persian, by Duncan Forbes, A.M.*" These works have been published at the expense of the Oriental Translation Fund, which we have much satisfaction in learning has made and is making great and important progress. It has been with justice remarked, that the establishment in this country of a society

for translating and publishing works of interest from the Oriental languages forms a brilliant era in the annals of our literature. "The Fortunate Union," the second of a collection of ten Chinese novels, is beautifully elucidatory of the manners, customs, and modes of life of the people of China, one of the most extraordinary upon the face of the earth. Mr. Davis, we believe, is already known as the translator of a Chinese comedy.

Hatim Tai, an Arab chief who lived in the sixth century, "was liberal, brave, wise, and victorious: when he fought, he conquered; when he plundered, he carried off; when he was asked, he gave; when he shot the arrow, he hit the mark; and whomsoever he took captive, he liberated." By the achievement of his seven perilous adventures, he gains the hand of a beautiful and accomplished princess. These adventures are in the wildest and most gorgeous Eastern style: magicians, giants, demons, fairies, dragons, and all the wonders and all the horrors of earth, air, and sky, are conjured up in rapid succession before us. We trust that we shall yet see many similar performances from the same quarter.

We have not forgotten the gratification which we experienced in reading Mr. James's romance of "Richelieu;" and in his choice of subject, and in his mode of treating that subject, he is at least equally successful in "*Darnley, or the Field of the Cloth of Gold*."—It is a rich and glowing picture of one of the most imposing periods of English history. Mr. James has been at great pains to possess himself of all the knowledge and of all the materials requisite for a grand and gorgeous display of tilt and tournament, and all the gallantry of the age. In costume he is quite a connoisseur; and if a lovely heroine be of importance in a novel, Katharine Bulmer, the mistress of Lord Darnley, is the very beau ideal of womanhood and loveliness.

Surfeited as we have been for the last two or three years with a succession of what have been designated fashionable novels, but which, in point of fact, had little more to do with fashion than in the names of the characters, and of the scenes in which they played their pranks, a really faithful and really graceful picture of "*The Manners of the Day*" is, in the Edinburgh

Review phrase, "quite refreshing." This is unquestionably the emanation of a lady's pen—conceived, planned, and executed by one who has been a principal participator in the gay and lively and elegant scenes which she so vividly describes. A second series from the same writer will be equally acceptable with the first.

"*Cloudesley, a Tale; by the Author of Caleb Williams*."—Another romance by Godwin, that veteran of English literature—a man who has more truth, more mind, more power, in one of his pages, than is to be found in all that Sir Walter Scott ever wrote, or ever will write—is no every day occurrence. To treat it lightly would be sacrilege; and therefore, in the present instance, we can only announce the appearance of the work, with the remark that it does honour to the author's fame. It has been long our anxious wish to introduce Mr. Godwin—where no man has a better right to be introduced—amongst our "Contemporary Poets, and Writers of Fiction:" this wish we trust will be accomplished when the pressure of the publishing season shall be over.

A fair portion of amusement, though probably not exactly of the character that may be expected, will be found in the "*Adventures of an Irish Gentleman*."—The hero—Mr. O'Shannon—is an Irishman certainly; but to term him a gentleman is quite a misnomer. Still the adventures are lively and entertaining.

Apparently by the author of Rank and Talent, we have, in three volumes, "*Tales of a briefless Barrister*." Occasionally, some clever scenes present themselves; and every now and then we meet with a smartness of reflection which keeps our attention awake.

Two volumes of "*Tales of the Colonies, by W. Howison, author of Sketches of Canada*," will be received with much pleasure by all who bear in mind the merit of Mr. Howison's former efforts in the walk of fiction. Australia, America, and India, have been ransacked for the materials of these sketches. In his descriptive passages, Mr. Howison is very happy.

"*Gertrude, a Tale of the Sixteenth Century, in two volumes*," is a story of the time of Henry the Fourth of France, very sweetly and gracefully told.